*Qu.* The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceed good *Alexander*.

*Cur.* *When in the world I liued, I was the worlds Commander.*

*Boyet.* Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander*.

*Ber.* Pompey the great.

*Clo.* Your ſeruant and *Coſtard*.

*Ber.* Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander*.

*Clow.* O ſir you haue ouerthrowne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander*. There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, and ſoone dasht. He is a maruellous good neighbour in ſooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Aliſandar*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Cu.*

*Qu.* Stand aſide good Pompey.

*Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.*

*Ped.* Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe.
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
*Quoniam*, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
*Ergo*, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy.*

*Ped.* Iudas *I am*.

*Dum.* A Iudas?

*Ped.* *Not Iſcariot ſir.*
*Iudas I am, yclyped Machabeus.*

*Dum.* *Iudas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Iudas.

*Ber.* A kiſsing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

*Ped.* *Iudas I am.*

*Dum.* The more ſhame for you *Iudas*.

*Ped.* What meane you ſir.?

*Boy.* To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

*Ped.* Begin ſir, you are my elder.

*Ber.* Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

*Ped.*



*Ped.* I will not be put of countenance.

*Ber.* Becauſe thou haſt no face.

*Ped.* What is this?

*Boy.* A Citterne head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Ber.* A deaths face in a ring.

*Lon.* The face of an old Roman coine, ſcarce ſeene.

*Boy.* The Pummell of *Cæſars* Faulchion.

*Dum.* The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

*Ber.* Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

*Dum.* I, and in a brooch of Lead.

*Ber.* I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.

*Ped.* You haue put me out of countenance.

*Ber.* Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.

*Ped.* But you haue out-fac'd them all.

*Ber.* And thou wert a Lion, we would do ſo.

*Boy.* Therefore as he is an Aſſe, let him goe:
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude*. Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Ber.* For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.

*Ped.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boy.* A light for mounſier *Iudas*, it growes dark, he may ſtumble.

*Qu.* Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he beene baited.

*Enter Braggart.*

*Ber.* Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

*Dum.* Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

*King.* *Hector* was but a Troyan in reſpect of this.

*Boy.* But is this *Hector*?

*Kin.* I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timber'd.

*Lon.* His legge is too big for *Hector*.

*Dum.* More Calfe certaine.

*Boy.* No he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

*Ber.* This cannot be *Hector*.

*Dum.* He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

*Ber.* *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gaue* Hector *a gift.*

 *Dum.*